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Judge

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LOSING GROUND!

Judge

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GRAFTING.

LATTER-DAY farmers tell us that peaches can be grafted on to grape-vine stocks, and plums will grow on cherry trees, and many other achievements can be brought about, even more wonderful, as a result of experiments such as Mr. Burbank's out in California. But the Scriptural dictum still holds true that you can't raise figs on thistles. There are definite limits beyond which man's skill is powerless. Two fine old stocks in our political garden, the Republican and the Democratic, have had some strange grafting experiments tried upon them by the various farmers who have come and gone. Much can be made to grow upon the old Republican tree. Mr. Roosevelt is doing a very Burbank act just now in trying some little socialistic sprigs on its old trunk. Some of them will take root and some may not. All sorts of strange foliage is sprouting from the old Democratic stump, and Bryan has proved the most reckless gardener of all. The sap he has to deal with seems to take more kindly to exotic twigs and weird blossoms. Every now and then old-timers who have enjoyed sitting in the shade of one or another of these trees become a little panic-stricken at some of the foliage they see starting above them. But let Republicans take comfort from the old truth that thistles cannot grow from figs. The G. O. P. must grow—and grow sometimes in new directions; but one may be pretty sure that foolish grafting experiments will thrive for only a brief time and then die, while those twigs of radical appearance which seem heartily to have taken hold will be benefited by the fine old sap that flows into them and aids their growth.

. . .

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

WE NOTE that Richard Croker has won another important horse-race recently in England. The victory carries with it a considerable purse. It is possible that New York politics fits a man for the business of horse-racing, and we are grateful for Mr. Croker's past successes and hopeful of many more to come. It may be that he will make the English racing field appear so attractive to some of his political successors in New York that they will be induced to pack up their duds and follow him over. The only catastrophe we foresee, if this thing goes too far and too many Americans of the sort already Anglicized transfer their citizenship to Great Britain, is that King Edward may give up his job in disgust and become an American. We should be glad to have him over here; we could doubtless get him a place on the police force. But it would be bad for England.

. . .

A CURIOUS THREAT.

IT IS reported that friends of Governor Hughes have threatened that he will run again for the governorship if he fails this term to put through his anti-gambling bills. This is an interesting commentary on present political conditions in New York State. A corrupt machine is so fearful of another two years under an incorruptible Governor that they will sacrifice many things, even a large amount of temporary plunder, for the sake of being quit of him. Would it be good ethics to use the threat for all it is worth, and then run the Governor again? Strange questions of right and wrong present themselves in up-to-date politics!

. . .

WE HAVE heard that lemons are emblematic of sudden disappointment or failure of expectation. The origin of the phrase is a mystery to us unless, perhaps, the saying was first used by some man who thought he was getting an orange and found that he had been handed a lemon. Whatever the origin, it seems to us that the largest lemon ever handed out was received by the man who complained about his gas meter to the Public Service Commission, and after their official investigation learned hat the machine was slow and that he owed the gas company a dollar a month for the past six months.

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MORE WORK FOR THE BIG CHIEF.

("Senator Landrum, a Cherokee Indian, introduced a bill yesterday prohibiting the use of Indian figures as cigar and tobacco signs."—*Press Dispatch from Oklahoma.*)

Chorus of wooden Indians—"We come to ask Heap Big White Father to make pale-face Oklahoma senate stop drive poor wooden Injun out of cigar bizness."

JOKES.

THE jokes that a fellow
Remembers are yellow
With age — really century pets;
But the true bull's-eye hitters,
The dandy side-splitters,
Are those that he always forgets. LURANA W. SHELDON.

A TRUTHFUL PRISONER.

"POOR fellow!" said the sympathetic visitor to the prisoner at Ossining, "would you mind telling me what brought you here?"

"The Peekskill local, ma'am," said the prisoner respectfully, "leavin' the Grand Central Station at two-ten."

INHERITED.

Weigle—"Judging from the vigorous crowing of your young rooster, he can whip everything else in the coop."

Ashley—"He can't, though; he's too much like his mother—full of hot air. You know, she's an incubator."

MODERN TRIAL BY JURY—TOSSING THE COIN.

"HARMONIOUS RELATIONS WILL PREVAIL AT DENVER."

WEAKNESS.

POOR weakling! Pensive in the corner there,
He runs the gamut of the fancies wild;
Clutching within his futile grasp the chair,
While men ejaculate, "How like a child!"

Content with feeble finger-tips to play,
To pull his scanty hair or hug his knees,
With toothless bite he munches all the day,
Or mumbles meaningless soliloquies.

And friendly persons try to humor him
With nods and smiles and pleasantries inane,
But still he nurtures each caprice and whim,
Eccentric as a tempest-veering vane.

He weeps—and yet knows not for whom.
He laughs—the reason's not within his ken.
And now and then he totters 'cross the room
For nothing—but to totter back again.

Alarmed by shadows that about him play,
By dreams and unrealities beguiled,
To-morrow he confounds with yesterday.
Dupe of his senses—ah! how like a child!

How like the infant actor on the stage
Of life—his childish grief, his childish glee;
But people know the reason is his age—
To-day he is just one year old, you see.

WILLIAM F. MCCORMACK.

SARCASM.

ONE day, when Eve, in joyful mirth,
Perambulated on this earth,
She gazed at Adam's scant array
Of fig-leaves—two or three, they say—
And said, as only woman can,
"It's a good thing clothes don't make the man."

IT IS not surprising, considering the varied number of typewriting machines on the market, that literature should become somewhat mechanical.

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UNCLE SAM HAS GOT HIS GOAT.

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.
CATHERINE COOPER AS "FREDA VOOS" IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

Tell us, why so solemn, dear,
In the pose depicted here?
We scarce recognize the gay,
Sprightly maiden of the play.

WHY, OF COURSE!

THE editor of an agricultural paper was grumbling about a puzzling question he had received from a city man who had recently removed to the country. The inquiry was this: "Will you kindly tell me how long cows should be milked?"

The office boy, passing near, heard his superior repeating the question aloud.

"'Scuse me, boss," he said; "but w'y don't yer tell him jes' de same 's short cows?"

A LITERARY hack is not the best vehicle of expression.

A MERE SIDE ISSUE.

Mart Hatch—"Well, the editor of the *Banner* says that England has got Japan fer a ally."

Hiram Waddle—"A alley! Well, now, you'd think them Japs would want to be the hull main street."

DEAD EASY.

IT is not hard to write amusing things.
You only sit and take your pen in hand—
Or your typewriter, if you understand
How it is worked—and wait until the wings
Of fancy stir the Heliconian springs
Of light and joy, imagination, and
Wait till your brain to fever heat is fanned,
And then reel off the stuff that tickles kings.
It is not hard. Why, it is just as easy!
A child can do it with supreme delight.
The one prerequisite for sayings breezy
Is just to learn to hold a pen and write;
And then, unless your brain is very cheesy,
You're "it," "the real"—a joker out of sight.

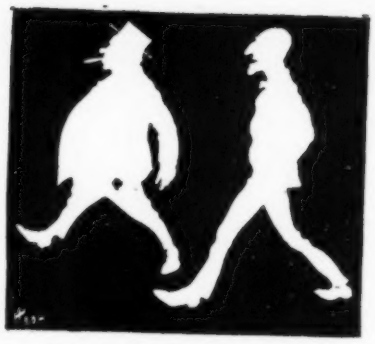
WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN actor in Joque has a fur-coated tongue.

An absent-minded dentist in Quoit put gold crowns on the teeth of his saw.

A paying teller in a bank at Kramp is troubled with two-dollar-billiousness.



NOTHING DOING THERE.

Parke—"I'm looking for a nice, quiet place to spend my vacation in."

Lane—"You mean a place where you can have absolute rest—where there is nothing doing."

Parke—"Yes. Do you know of such a place?"

Lane—"You bet! My office."

MUSIC CRITICS.

Mooney—"Faith, Oi cud die listenin' to Tom Callahan play th' poipes."

Donohue—"Fer meself, Oi'd prefer a paceful ind."

THE ORIGINAL "PLYMOUTH ROCK."

EVERYTHING AS IT SHOULD BE.

"I HAVE a question to ask you." The proud, intellectual beauty looked intently in the face of the young man who had sworn to love her forever. "We are in such perfect sympathy," she said, "that it is hardly worth while to refer to a slight detail, and yet, as a mere formality, the matter would better be referred to, now that we are about to be married, and the long evenings are ahead of us—evenings during which we can discuss the manifold questions of the day."

He smiled brightly. "I'm only too delighted, dear," he replied, "to satisfy your curiosity. Pray proceed."

Smiling lightly, she said, "Very well, then. This is the question to which I am sure you must have given earnest and prayerful thought. In which, among all of Ibsen's plays, do you consider the great master reached the height of his genius?"

"Do you wish to know my real opinion?"

"I do."

Lowering his voice, he said, "Darling, the Ibsen cult makes me very weary. He never wrote anything that can be remotely considered a work of genius. He is a freak. There's nothing in him. I"——

"Do you really mean that?" She strained him to her heart.

"I do, indeed. Does it please you?"

And she replied, "Ah! I cannot tell how much. I was afraid you might appreciate him even in a remote way. And I knew if you did you might rudely break in at times on my contemplation of his immensity. Now nothing can happen to draw us apart."

THOMAS L. MASSON.

THE NEW FASHIONS.

Spirit—"Why can't I get in?"

St. Peter—"No room; the ladies are all wearing wide halos this spring."

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IN THE WRONG QUARRY.

Fox hunter—"Have you seen the quarry hereabout, my good man?"
Mike—"Shure, ye're roight in it, ye fool! an' we're jist afther touchin' off th' blast."

THE POOR OLD BEGGAR.

THE prosperous wholesale grocery dealer had sold out his business preparatory to departing for the West to live. He was reflecting, the next morning, on the prospect of getting a good price for his house, which the day before he had advertised for sale, when the doorbell jingled merrily.

"Sir," said the maid, putting her head in at the library door a moment later, "it's the old beggar from the corner near your store, sir."

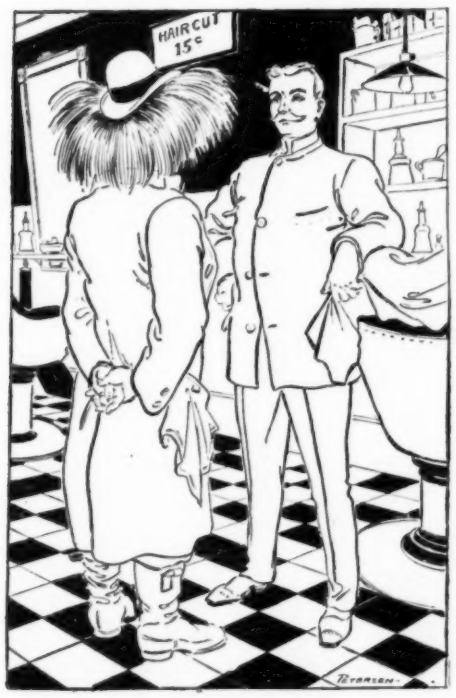
"Old Jo, the beggar, eh?" rejoined the retired business man, taking from his pocket a coin. "I presume the wretched old fellow missed my customary contribution this morning and is come for it. Here, give him this dollar."

The maid went away with the money and again returned.

"I gave the dollar, sir," said she, "and he seemed very thankful for it; but he says he'd like to speak a moment with you on business, sir."

"What business can that old beggar have with me?"

"He says that if you can bring the price of this house down to twenty thousand dollars cash, he'd buy it, sir!"



A HALF-PORTION.

Countryman—"Fifteen cents fer a hair-cut?"
Barber—"Right you are!"
Countryman—"Wa-al, take off abaout ten cents' worth."

A SPANKING TEAM.

CONCERNING THE POPE.

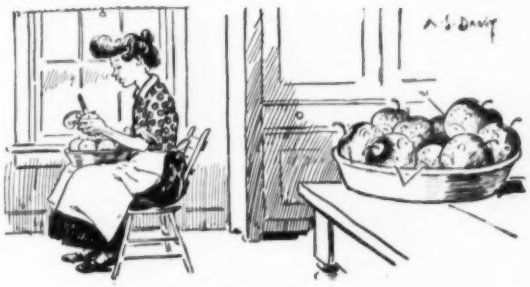
A GENTLEMAN, walking down one of the streets of Harlem on St. Patrick's Day, overheard a Catholic priest chaffing an Irishman at work in a trench with a gang of Italians.

"Well, Pat! You here? A fine son of old Ireland you are, to be working on this grand holiday of St. Patrick," said the priest. "How do you like your Italian boss?"

"Faith, how do you like yours?" responded Pat.

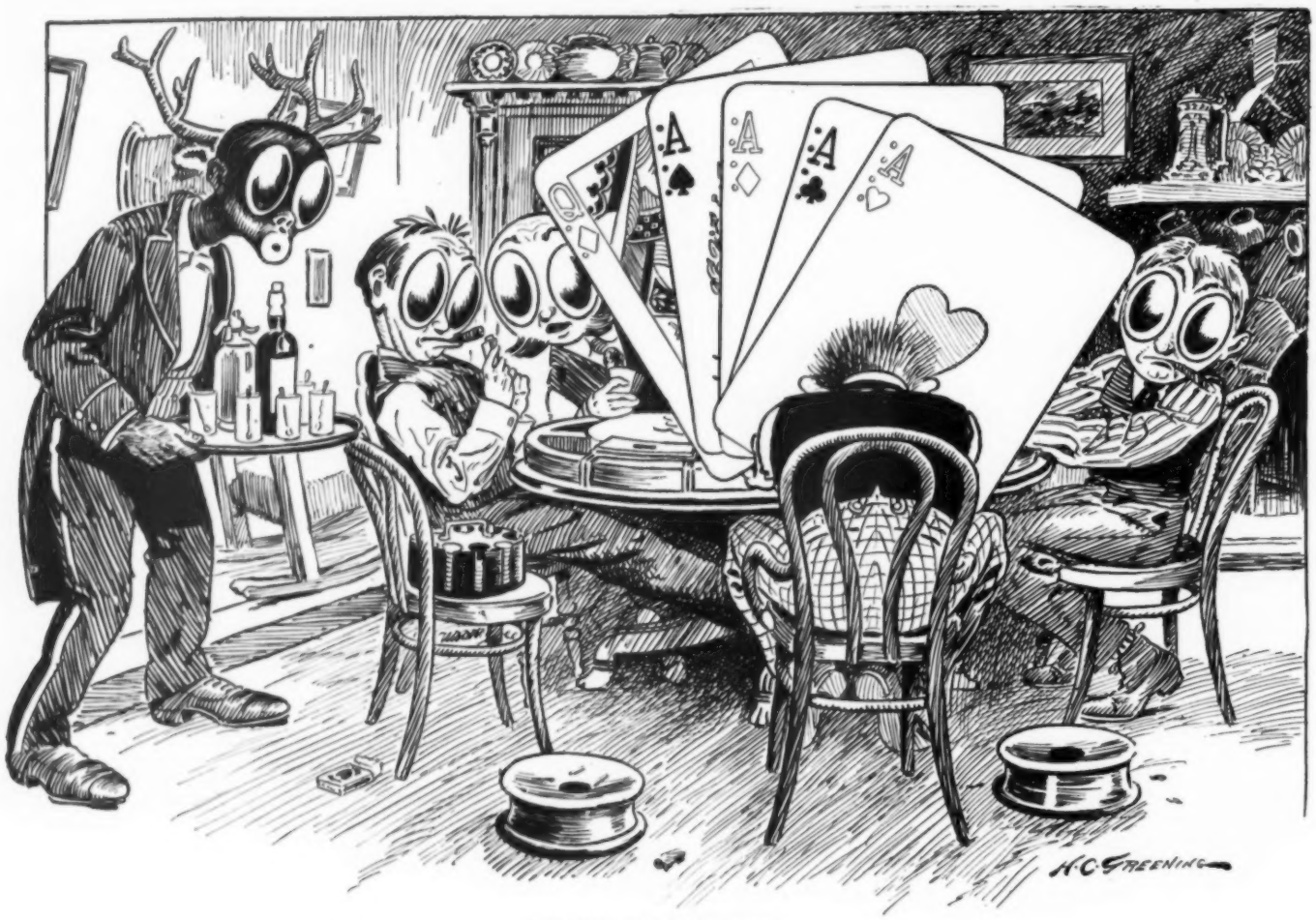
"I TELL you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly court jester, "all our coffers are empty."



HELP, HELP!

First apple—"Say, fellows! that girl over there is a core-us girl."



HIS FIRST FOUR ACES.
This is the way it seemed to Jones—eyes everywhere, and even the cards transparent.

HER HUSBAND'S ASHES.

IN a conspicuous corner of the room was a handsome copper urn, plainly marked: "1865—John Christy Doring—1900." A caller was ushered in, and she who had been John Doring's wife received her with cordiality. "Oh, do be seated, Mrs. Brown," she said, smiling her loveliest. "So glad to see you again. How long has it been—oh!" suddenly spying some flecks of gray upon the chair that she had indicated—"I beg your pardon! My husband's ashes are all *over* that chair seat. Do take this other one," pushing another forward.

THE VERY POPULAR CUPID FAMILY.

Mrs. Brown shot a horrified look toward the suspicious-looking metal vase and meekly seated herself. And her hostess never once thought to tell her that she had recently been married again and that the ashes upon the chair were there through carelessness on the part of her latest matrimonial adjunct while enjoying his after-dinner cigar that day.

SPRING FEVER.

JUMPIN' ginger! can't jes' say
What's a-ailin' me ter-day;
Feel like cussin', "Durn th' school!"
Jes' ez balky ez er mule.

"Lazy ez er loot," sez pa.
"Bilious; needs er dose," sez ma.
Nuthin' seems ter go jes' right;
Mean ernough ter pick er fight.

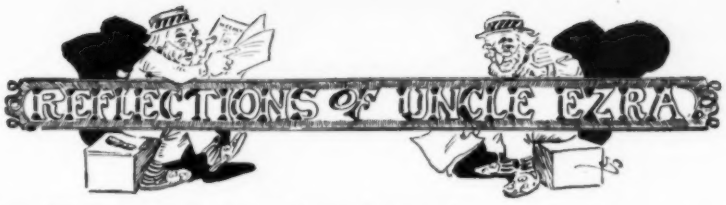
"Hey, what's doin', Bobby Green?
Looks yer feared o' bein' seen.
Goin' a-fishin' in th' brook?
Where'd you hide yer slate an' book?

"Golly, bet they're bitin' fine!
Got ernother hook an' line?
Gee, you have, an' squirmers, too!
Jes' you wait; I'll go with you.

"'Tain't no use ter allus slave;
Might ez well be in yer grave.
Teacher sez ter seek life's joys.
Gosh, but how she'll flay us boys!

"My, but I'm a-feelin' gay!
Never saw er finer day.
Durn sight nicer by this pool
Than a-sweatin' there in school!"

ARTHUR W. STACE.



WHY is it a manicurist is always a woman?

It rained cats and dogs the other day, and they had veal stew for dinner at the huttel.

You kin tell a carpenter by his chips, and, by gravy! you kin tell a poker player the same way.

There ain't no style about some fellers. Abner Hanks, of our town, drives around in his spring wagon until 'way late in the fall.

If they ever adopt that elastic currency in this country, I suppose a feller will have plenty of money to buy suspenders with.

If there is any job more ticklish than climbin' through a barb-wire fence, it is that of expressin' your honest opinion of your wife's folks.

A picture pustal card arrived in our midst from Paris, France, last week, and nineteen citizens have announced their candidacy for postmaster.

Mrs. J. Frothingham Butts, our society leader, has sent to New York for some of that pink tea she has read so much about in the society columns.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, of our village, says she is in love with her Art; but, by ginger! we ain't been able as yet to find out what Art's last name is.

One difference between a balky hoss and a balky wife is that you can unhitch a balky hoss without hirin' a lawyer to prove incompatibility of temperature.

A young man kin get a highfalutin' education at Yale or Harvard, but, if he wants to get good hoss sense, the place to go is to some veterinary college.

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There is a question as to whether the feller that parts his hair in the middle and shows the soft spot in his head is any more of a chump than the feller that parts his hair on the side and covers it up.

Silas Plummer says he has been readin' a book called "Political Economy," but it is all bosh, as there ain't any such thing as political economy. The last time he ran for highway commissioner it cost him ten shillin'.

Ansel Jimkey, our tonsorial artist and leader of the band and orchester, busted the G string on his violin the other day, and says there will be no more music in this burg until he runs across a stray cat somewhere.

The other night, when they had company to dinner, Hod Peters's wife told him that it wasn't etiquette to set down to the table in his shirt-sleeves; but Hod said he'd be ding swizzled if he was goin' to take his shirt off, etiquette or no etiquette.

ROY K. MOULTON.

AT THE LIARS' CLUB.

ANANIAS had just gotten off one he thought rather good.

"That's nothing," said the new member. "Just before I came here Mississippi sent a colored delegate to the Democratic national convention."

And amid a sickening silence Ananias unbuckled his championship belt and gave it to the newcomer.

TURN DOWN THE LIGHT.

She—"Yes, dear; if you insist you may catch a few of those fireflies. I admit the light is a strain to my eyes."

A LITTLE WIDOW.

A LITTLE widow now and then
Plays havoc with the single men.
—*Houston Post.*

Because a widow loves these men
Like mother, sweetheart—and some then.

ANXIOUS FOR HIS HEALTH.

Arctic explorer's wife—"Good-bye, John, dear!"

Arctic explorer—"Farewell, my love!"

Arctic explorer's wife—"And, John, be sure that the ice is perfectly safe."

JUDGE'S UP-TO-DATE ADS.

A RESPECTABLE widow desires washing.

Wanted—A servant who can cook and dress children.

WHEN AIRSHIPS REPLACE EXCURSION BARGES.

Accident at the annual outing of the Michael J. Brannihan association.

OUR AMERICAN QUARTER.

WITH a gentle allegro-non-troppo movement, the French count descended from the top of the Seeing New York auto and advanced to meet us.

"Well," we said blithely, "what do you think of our village?"

"Ah!" he replied, "ze American colony—ze American quarter of ze greatest city in ze world!—it is supherb! It is ze one grand place! It is exquisite! But it has ze one fault—it has too many of ze odars. It is fill wiz ze odar of zis thing and wiz ze odar of zat thing; it is fill wiz ze odar of ze rose and wiz ze odar of ze turnip; it is fill wiz ze odar of ze wine and ze quail-on-toast, and wiz ze odar of ze beer and ze goolash. Ah, me! I fear zat ze American quarter has more zan ze twenty-five 'cent!"

HIS GREATEST DELIGHT
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
is a vigorous shampoo with the rich, creamy lather made from Packer's Tar Soap. The cleansing and refreshing sensations are immediate; any dandruff is removed; a healthy growth of hair is stimulated, and thus premature baldness is prevented.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
PURE AS THE PINES

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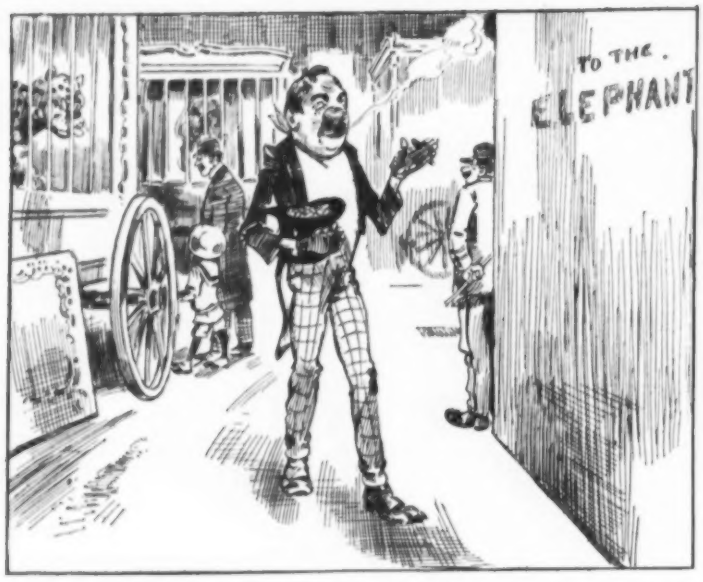
LOOPS THE

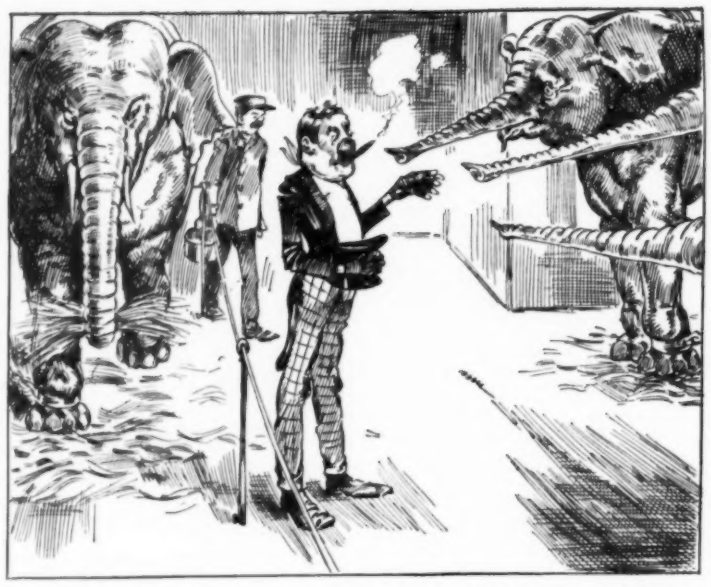
AND, AS USUAL, HE WILL LAND SAFELY (

THE GAP,

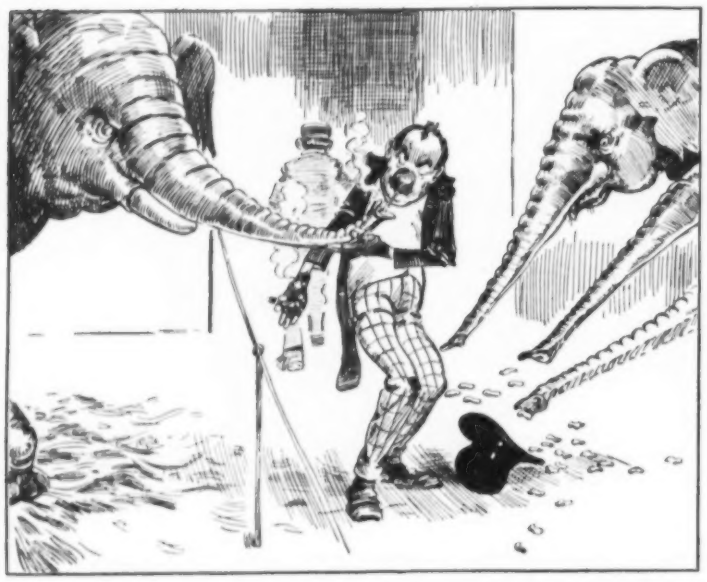
FLY (ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM).



1. *Nervy Nat*—"Where and how I obtained this hatful of peanuts matters not. Suffice to say that, in my circus days, the elephants and I were great pals; so should 'auld acquaintance be forgot?'"



2. *Nervy Nat*—"There you are, Henriette! That's right, Gabrielle! You're on for a peanut or two. And, Berenice, I see you have your speaking tube to the fore. How will you have them—on the half shell?"



3. *Nervy Nat*—"Well, old Gumbo, you're looking for goobers, too, are you? When you put that water tower of yours over my shoulder you gave me such a shock that I scattered the refreshments to the ground; but I'll fix you up with a smoke, just for fun."

4. *Nervy Nat*—"I guess I'll Edward-Payson-Weston it over to the monkey cage before the explosion takes place with old Leathersides. Golly! hear him snort! However, he will possibly demand an apology from the keeper."

5. *Nervy Nat*—"The plaudits of the crowd are mine—or ours; but if old G. O. P. once gets his beak on yours truly I'm afraid an awful rent will be torn in the canvas. Nat, you're a darned idiot!"

6. *The manager*—"We will sign a contract with you for two hundred and fifty dollars a week for the entire season. It was the hit of the show."

Nervy Nat—"I feel heart disease in my chest. Avaunt with you and your contract! A ten-spot, a season's pass for my wife and fourteen children, and a cigar or two fromyour up-stairs pocket, will about fix my nerves."

NO. 46—NERVY NAT'S ADVENTURE WITH THE ELEPHANT.

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NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound in book form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ENCOURAGING.

Irate passenger (as train is moving off) —"Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you?"

Porter—"Eh, man, yer laggage is no sic a silly as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train!"—*Tit-Bits.*

FAIR RESEMBLANCE.

"Your husband says he works like a dog," said one woman.

"Yes; it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."—*Washington Star.*

SWEET ENOUGH.

Tom—"And when you proposed she gave you a sweet answer?"

Dick—"She did, indeed."

Tom—"Ah! she said, 'Yes'?"

Dick—"No; she said, 'Fudge.'"—*Chicago News.*

ON TO THEMSELVES.

"Pa," asked little Willie, looking up from his book, "what's a 'mis-an-thropist'?"

"A misanthropist," replied his pa, "is the sort of fellow who, after catching himself cheating at solitaire, decides that all men are liars and frauds."—*Exchange.*

ALWAYS FAILING.

"Jones wants to have that Italian sculptor do him in marble, but he is not quite certain whether he wants the whole figure. What do you think?"

"If Jones wants to be done characteristically, it ought to be some kind of a 'bust.'"—*Baltimore American.*

MODERN LIFE.

"Now let me understand you," said the man who was talking life insurance. "If I die, you pay a thousand dollars to"——

"To one widow," interrupted the agent, kindly but firmly.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

AN UNUSUAL ARGUMENT.

Master—"You want large wages for a boy who's had no experience."

Boy—"Well, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?"—*London Opinion.*

AWAKE ALL THE TIME.

"That new preacher you have is a pretty wideawake young man, isn't he?"

"Yep. Keeps right on preachin' when everybody else is asleep."—*Cleveland Leader.*

CLASSICS.

First court jester—"I fail to see what the king means. He pays about forty ministers, and they do absolutely nothing."

Second court jester—"Ah! 'The Idles of the King.'"—*The Circle.*

TELESCOPED.

"He gave his wife a toy terrier, didn't he?"

"Yes; and she gave him an English bulldog."

"So each of them has a dog now?"

"No—he has one."—*Pioneer Press.*

A MEAN RETORT.

"Yes," said the eminent physician, "we are doing much to prolong human life."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "By prolonging life you give a man more time and opportunity to get together the amount of your bill."—*Washington Star.*

"I have noticed," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "that when a man sings at his work he doesn't seem to be doing either of the jobs very well."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

73 Million Dollars in 37 Weeks!

Ordinary Life Insurance Issued.

The NEW Low Cost Policy

OF

The Prudential

Is the Greatest Triumph in Life Insurance!

This is the Policy The People Want!

After eight months of unparalleled success, read what our Enthusiastic Field Managers say. These are selected from hundreds of letters.

"The Policy sells—and it satisfies." —*James Perry, New York City.*

"It meets all competition. The demand is constantly growing in favor of absolute guarantees rather than estimates and uncertainties." —*J. S. Cranston, Boston, Mass.*

"Business written first three months this year nearly equal to business of 1907 to September 1st." —*C. W. Biese, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

"New Prudential Policy best contract issued by any Company." —*J. R. Tapia, Mobile, Ala.*

"New Low Cost Policy speaks for itself. A stipulated sum for a stipulated commodity. No 'promise to pay,' but a 'guarantee to pay.' No estimates or guesses, but *Facts.*" —*A. C. Crowder, Jackson, Miss.*

"It is easy to sell in competition." —*C. B. Wilson, Knoxville, Tenn.*

"New Policy Very Best. So much insurance for so much money is a business proposition. My business has nearly doubled." —*H. R. Bryarly, Winchester, Va.*

"I have never lost an application in honest competition." —*W. P. Corbett, Jacksonville, Fla.*

"It is certainly superior to any insurance offered." —*J. W. Terry, Montgomery, Ala.*

"It is what the insuring public desires,—a clean-cut business proposition." —*W. I. Sessions, Birmingham, Ala.*

"My business for first quarter of 1908 was 50 per cent. better than same period 1907." —*J. M. Skinner, Atlanta, Ga.*

"My business has been larger this year than ever before. Business men do not wait for me to solicit them, but solicit me for insurance." —*C. M. Adams, Macon, Ga.*

"New Policy is easily understood, appreciated, and growing in favor as the insuring public learns more of the contract." —*J. W. Smither, Nashville, Tenn.*

"New Policy is the success of the age. We have no competition. *The Guarantees Talk.*" —*Rowland & Wilson, St. Louis, Mo.*

"During past six months our business has been more than twice what it was the preceding six months. An eloquent tribute to the selling qualities of the new Policy." —*Hodges, Mitchell & Reynolds, Asheville, N.C.*

"New Policy, Liberal Provisions, Low premiums, attract prospective insurers." —*B. D. VanOstrand, Topeka, Kans.*

"Prudential's great size, tremendous business, absolute safety and New Policy make competition a thing of the past." —*H. B. Nelles, Los Angeles, Cal.*

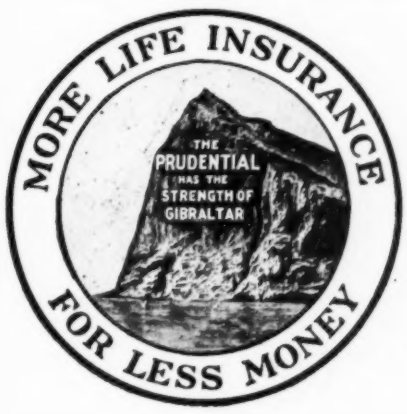
"For definite figures, fixed and unchangeable, no Company has met the demand more completely than has The Prudential with its magnificent New Policy." —*Furlow & Avery, Louisville, Ky.*

"In every respect the most desirable policy of Life Insurance." —*R. H. Ferguson, Spartanburg, S. C.*

"Public clearly understands the liberal guaranteed contract. Most insurance for the least money." —*H. R. Gould, Omaha, Neb.*

Annual Cost Whole Life Policy Per $1,000

Age 20	$14.96
Age 25	16.77
Age 30	19.08
Age 35	22.10
Age 40	26.09
Age 45	31.47
Age 50	38.83
Age 55	48.98



THIS IS THE VERY BEST POLICY FOR

the Man Without Life Insurance and for the Man Who Needs More.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN POLICY TODAY

State age, nearest birthday, and occupation. Write Dept. N

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Home Office, Newark, N. J.

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

ROMEIKE'S **Press Cutting Bureau** will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Each capsule bears the name MIDY
Beware of counterfeits.
Sold by all druggists.

BLOOD POISON

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

We have made the cure of Blood Poison a specialty. Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under the same guaranty. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO.,
1480-55 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

HEN BEATS A DRUG STORE.

Senator Butt, of the Arkansas senate, had just finished one of his droll stories about feeding morphine to a pointer pup and watching him as he indulged in the ensuing antics occasioned by the opium. Representative De Rossit, known as one of the veracious men in the State, said,

"Senator, your dog reminds me of my hen. Needing quinine one day, as we often do, I mixed up an ounce of the drug with molasses and rolled it out into pills. Leaving the stuff to dry on the front porch, I went into the house.

"Returning, I saw the last of my pills swallowed by my hen.

"Of course I thought her silly head would burst wide open. She simply commenced cackling, and has been laying two eggs a day ever since. And, do you know, senator, those eggs are the best chill tonic on the market? One of them taken internally will knock the spots from any case of malaria in the State, and shaking ague can't stand before 'em an hour after they are eaten. I keep that hen dosed, I do." *Houston Chronicle.*

FIT THE GROCER.

WIFE MADE THE SUGGESTION.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee, and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum, there must be some merit in it, and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise every one affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PROFITABLE EXCHANGE.

"Some folks do say that time is money," remarked the village storekeeper, "but I don't take much stock in it."

"You don't, eh?" queried the loafer.

"No, I don't," replied the storekeeper; "and I wish you'd spend a leetle more money here and a leetle less time." —*Chicago News.*

Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

EASY.

The art photographer had visited the farm.

"I want to make an exhaustive study of this particular bit of landscape," he said, "and would like to have your hired man retain his present position on the fence there. Can he sit still?"

"For days at a time," replied the farmer.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

UNHEALTHFUL LOCATION.

Prospective tenant—"I should want the studio for sculpture."

Caretaker—"Yes, sir; some of these is let for that. There's a sculptor mouldering next door, sir."—*Tatler.*

By F. Y. Cory.

Copyright, Judge Co., 1907.

UNREQUITED LOVE

Photogelatine in sepia, 8 x 11.
25 cents.

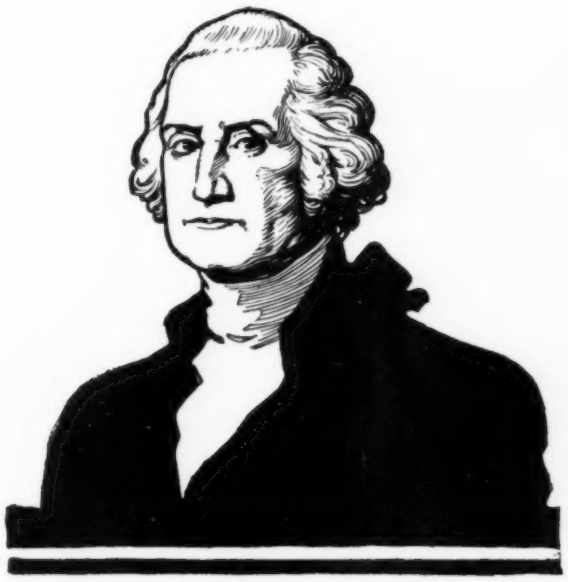
JUDGE COMPANY
225 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

THE UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

MEN STOP DRUGGING. Drugs and Medicines taken into the stomach never did and never will cure any trouble peculiar to men. NATURE alone can cure these ills, and requires only a little help. Our SCIENTIFIC VACUUM APPARATUS assists Nature by attracting an abundant BLOOD SUPPLY to undeveloped, wasted or weak parts, thus restoring them to normal proportion and FULL VIGOR. Our booklet, "THE GREATEST TRIUMPH OF MODERN SCIENCE," sent FREE.
SANITARY APPARATUS COMPANY, DESK 44, WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA.



George Washington

UNTO every generation of Americans George Washington is justly held to be the purest figure in history—a superb example of the perfect citizen—a just and righteous ruler and "a light for after time."

This commanding personality had a magnificent physique. He stood over six feet in his stockings, was remarkable for horsemanship, agility and strength—the finest gentleman and athlete of his day.

His constitution was of iron and he knew how to keep it so. His biographers declare that in eating and in drinking as in all things he was normal; enjoying the juice of the malt all the days of his life. He drank it around campfires, as well as in his own home and upon social and state occasions.

Furthermore, upon his Mount Vernon plantation he had a brew house, as was the regular custom of wealthy Virginians.

"In Virginia the richer colonists brewed beer from malt imported from England."—Nat'l Mag. Hist., vol. 16, page 150.

Ford's Biography [1900], page 193. "Quotations from Samuel Stearn's ibid."

History of Virginia, by Roger Beverly.

Colonial Liquor Laws [Thomas], page 60.

Budweiser

IT shines like liquid gold—it sparkles like amber dew—it quickens with life—a right lusty beer—brewed conscientiously for over fifty years from barley and hops only.

It prolongs youth and preserves physical charm—giving strength to muscle, mind and bone—a right royal beverage for the home.

THE KING OF ALL BOTTLED BEERS

Bottled only at the

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY

St. Louis, Mo.

On sale at all hotels, cafes, clubs and pleasure resorts.

FARMER HAW'S OPINION.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you ketch the hired man in motion?"

"I think so."

"Ah, science kin do anything these days!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A WARNING TO HER.

Dolly—"No; I won't wash my face!"

Grandma—"Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

Dolly—"Yes; and now look at it!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

FATHER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A mother, whose little boy always suffers from car sickness, found it necessary to take him with her while shopping the other day, and, as the distance was rather far to walk, she decided to risk taking him on the car. All huddled up in a corner he sat, and his face kept growing paler and paler, while all the while his eyes seemed fastened with a hard, glassy stare on the car wall opposite him.

"I think we'd better get off for a little while," said his mother, watching him.

Out in the air the little fellow felt better, and, with his voice quivering from earnestness, he said, "Muvver, did you see that sign in the car? That one that said five hundred dollars' fine if you spit on the floor? Now, what do you think it would have cost my poor papa if I had womited?"—*Lippincott's.*

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Try it *today.* Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

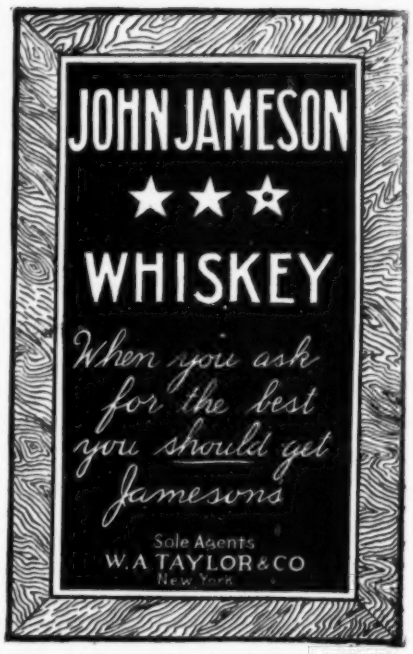
DIDN'T MAKE A BUSINESS OF IT.

Oftentimes teachers have occasion to feel that the bread which they have cast upon the waters comes back in new and unexpected forms. It was in a history class that the following extraordinary bit of reasoning was developed:

Teacher—"What can you tell about the religion of the colonists who settled in Virginia?"

Boy—"They didn't pay much attention to religion. They had slaves to do their hard work."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.



If you drink champagne because it's good,
You're sure to drink the "Brotherhood,"
But if you drink it for a bluff,
Then imported is good enough.
The wine says the rest.

BROTHERHOOD CHAMPAGNE is made from grapes grown in the oldest vineyard in America, situated at Washingtonville, Orange County, N. Y.

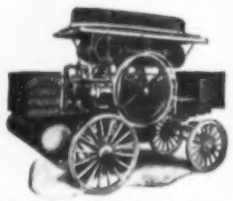
"MEN OF BRAINS"
PAY THE PRICE FOR
Cortez
and do not waste their cigar money in experiments

$60,000 Value Given Away

THE RACYCLE has 27% less pressure on its crank hanger, ½ less strain on chain, it runs and climbs hills easier than other bicycles. Is the largest selling high grade wheel in the world. Will last a lifetime. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can get yours **AT FACTORY PRICES** by securing us an agent. Catalog and pamphlet sent FREE. It tells about the RACYCLE and how to get the **$60.000.**

THE RAGYCLE MANUFACTORY, MIDDLETOWN, O.

The Man Who Owns a Mechanical Cleaning Wagon Makes Money.



The Machine That Makes the Money.

$3000.00 CAN BE MADE

This year, next year and the year thereafter, cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men, with a capital of $2500.00 and upwards. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for residences, hotels, office buildings, etc. We own the patents and are prosecuting all infringers. Write for catalog.

General Compressed Air & Vacuum Machinery Company
4497 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

SAVING.

"Then this," asked the rejected suitor, "is absolutely final?"

"Quite!" was the calm reply. "Shall I return your letters?"

"Yes, please," answered the young man. "There's some very good material in them I can use again."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE BRETHREN.

"She married the first man she met," is the sensational headline of a dispatch from New York. The dangers of a great city are many.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

COMMON CASUALTIES.

"I believe I'll rock the boat," decided the man in the stern.

"Don't do it," advised his companion. "It might discharge this unloaded pistol I have in my jeans."—*Courier-Journal.*

BASIS OF SUCCESS.

It takes a certain amount of sand to conduct business successfully, especially a sugar business.—*Philadelphia Record.*

RECKLESS.

The man—"I'd give anything if you would kiss me."

The maid—"But the scientists say that kisses breed disease."

The man—"Oh, never mind that. Go ahead, and make me an invalid for life."—*Exchange.*

EGGED.

"How did she look as Salome?"

"Well, the audience was rather puritanical. After the first act she looked like a Salomelet."

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

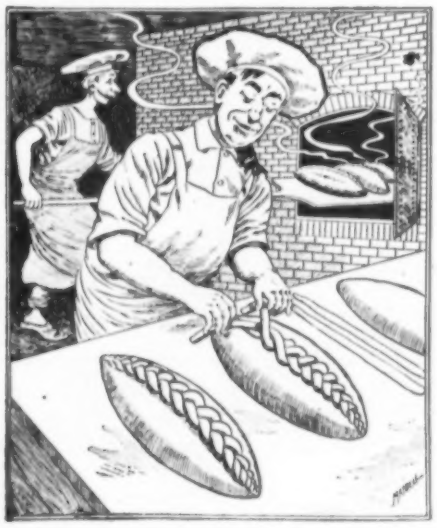
"They bore one, these society calls, don't you know," declared the young lady. "They bore one."

"Sometimes they bore two," responded the young man, taking the hint and likewise his departure.—*Courier-Journal.*

BITTER SWEET.

Augustus—"Won't you take me for better or for worse?"

Ethel—"I'm sure it would be for the better, Gussie. I couldn't do worse."—*Exchange.*



HERE.

"Tell me where is fancy bred."
—*Shakespeare.*

SUSPICIOUS.

"Will ye accept a year's subscription in advance?"

"That depends, Peleg," answered the editor of the Plunkville *Palladium.* "What is it that ye want suppressed?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

SAW IT COMING.

"I have often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your"

"If it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."—*Houston Post.*

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JUDGE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

The Gem Junior with the **New Bar** does the hand-work of the barber, tightens the skin and raises the hairs vertically, giving a perfect, close, delightful shave with no scraping. Lather and shave—that's all.

New frame with Bar sent to present users of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.

$1.00

Complete with 7 selected blades, frame, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate set of 7 Gem Junior blades 50c.

Each **Gem Junior** blade is absolutely guaranteed to shave better than any other regardless of name or price. **Each bears the name.** *Beware of imitations.*

A storiette, "The Gentle Art of Self Shaving," including a full course in shaving, sent Free.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street New York

London, E. C.: 35 Aldermanbury
Paris: 24 Rue de Constantinople
Hamburg: Pickenhuben 4

We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers

If price
were a criterion
of value

PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

Would command
a higher premium
than any other
Turkish Cigarette
in the world.

"I suppose, Mr. Cashit, your son does you proud?"

"No; he just does me."—*Exchange.*

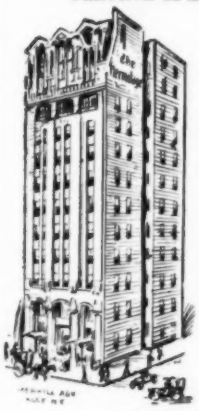
NEW YORK CITY

THE HERMITAGE

A CLUB HOTEL FOR MEN

The name tells the story

Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street
Junction of Broadway



Restaurant on the street floor, —a restaurant where ladies are welcome.

Every other part of the house exclusively for *men.*

Telephones in every room.

Respectful, quiet, obedient and alert Japanese servants.

Bedroom and bath **$2.00** a day upward.

Send for Booklet.

T. F. PADDELL, Proprietor

PROPHECIES OF JUDGE POETS.

"Who Will Be Our Next President, and Why?"

Our prize contest for the best "poem" of less than 40 words, answering the above question, has had interesting results. Out of 650 poets, 370 were for Taft, 80 for Hughes, 70 for Roosevelt, 60 for Bryan, 10 for La Follette, and 60 indefinite. One hundred and sixty were from Eastern States, 110 from the South, and 380 from the West. The ten prizes are awarded as follows, with special prizes to the first three:

1904—1908

The thorn which 'neath the rose he felt
Has vanished, figures Willie;
For, "Nay, no more!" says Theodore.
He's right; so watch the Orator—
He'll get there, willy nilly.
Carl Stephenson, Greencastle, Ind.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLILOQUY.

Sweet William's th' pop'lar flower this year,
An' Taft is th' comin' kind, thet's clear;
It's big an' white an' stands th' light,
But Bryan's small an' hez th' blight.
Miss Ella L. Beers, Bridgeport, Conn.

BY ELIMINATION.

Taft's size, Fairbanks's drinks, Bryan's views,
Cannon's stogie—oh, yes, they amuse;
But we shall take pains
To choose one whose *brains*
Are his recommendation. That's Hughes!
Verne W. Tucker, Detroit, Mich.

THE WINNER—SURE.

In the fall the returns will be in,
Of the candidates, tall, stout, or thin.
I've the strongest conviction,
And make the prediction,
That the one that's elected will win.
Carol Vox, Newton, Mass.

THIRD TERM.

Taft, Johnson, Bryan and Hughes
Show up strong in political news;
But the people will say,
"Teddy Roosevelt, you stay!"
And the Strenuous One won't refuse.
W. F. Howes, Boston, Mass.

THE BIG FELLOW.

Big, bouncing, buster Bill Taft,
Able, active, opponent of graft,
By the popular voice
Will be the next choice
To manœuvre the national craft.
R. C. Whitehouse, Auburn, Me.

AN OPTIMIST.

With Taft in the President's chair,
All things will be done on the square;
There'll be plenty and peace,
And the "hard times" will cease,
When William succeeds Teddy there.
A. S. King, Cincinnati, O.

WRITTEN ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Youse'll see, Hughes'll be
Our next Mister Prisident;
For 'tis he's fit to be
Our own White House resident.
Charles Gray, Sterling, Ill.

EULOGY.

Full of wisdom, full of worth,
For President, best man on earth!
He'll carry out our Teddy's plan,
That's why Taft's the coming man.
Jay Humphrey, Spokane, Wash.

SOME IRISH FOR TAFT.

Said weary old Patrick O'Brien,
"For a full dinner pail I've been sighin'.
Teddy's failed, but don't fear,
Taft will be there next year,
And no chance at all has Bill Bryan."
E. B. Wayman, Baltimore, Md.

And we add the following five as examples of the wide variety of replies received:

Says Teddy, "As chief of this nation,
I aver without hesitation,
I'll have four years more,
'Cause the bankers are sore
And the 'grafters' are full of vexation!"
J. Mahlon Duganne, Altoona, Pa.

Taft!
Who always laft;
And because no graft;
And Bryan daft.
That's my shaft!
L. E. Wood, Minneapolis, Minn.

It matters not who mans the boats,
In safety our ship of state floats.
He who wins in '08,
Also why, we dare state,
Will be he who secures the most votes!
William B. Delancy, Oak Park, Ill.

For President, Robert La Fóllette.
He's the man, and no doubt
He will boost them all out.
That's why we should give him our baliot.
Loyd Worley, eleven years old, Wymore, Neb.

If you save money, you're a grouch;
If you spend it, you're a loafer;
If you get it, you're a grafter;
If you don't get it, you're a bum.
"So I don't want to win a prize."
L. H. Semper, New York City.

You can pick out any kind of shirt you like and be sure you will like it, if the name "Cluett" is on it.

Cluett
SHIRTS
$1.50 and more

"TO-DAY'S SHIRT," a booklet, is yours for the asking.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 481 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
Makers of ARROW Collars.

A MEAN RETORT.

Her husband—"Oh, I wish I had never learned to play poker."

His wife—"You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?"—*Chicago News.*

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 43 T. E. Bowman Secretary.

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Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

A FIERCE HIGHWAYMAN BIDS THEM HALT, BUT SPICE REPELS HIS FIERCE ASSAULT.

1. The Teds and Johnny, on their way
From market on a sunny day,
Are held up by the stern commands,
"Give out the goods! Hold up your hands!"

2. In haste John drops his marketing,
The eggs, the sugar, everything.
The pepper, salt and spices ground
From bursting bags all roll around.

3. "Kerchew! kerchew!" cries every bear,
As flying spices fill the air.
The robber joins the chorus, too,
And answers with a huge "kerchew!"

4. Off go the pistols as the thief
In frantic sneezes seeks relief.
And answering to every sneeze,
More pepper 's wafted on the breeze.

5. The deafening noise of sneeze and shot
Attracts a p'liceman to the spot.
He grabs the thief with wrathful cry—
"Kerchew! kerchew! You're caught, me b'y!"

6. "Kerchew! kerchew!" To John's relief,
Off marches Patrick with the thief.
"Kerchew!" the Teddies echo after,
Mixing their sneezes and their laughter.

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The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, New York.